

The Weekly Journal—Our Supplement.

We again present our readers with a "Supplement to the Weekly Journal," which, we trust, will be found to contain interesting and useful reading matter, with one advantage to our subscribers—that of entailing no extra expense. Indeed, it has come to be a received law of newspaper publishing, that, when a paper is published, it should be the price of the paper, and not the price of the paper. Since 1844, when the Journal was started, every element of expense in the production of a paper has been enormously enhanced; the cost of living, wages of labor, price of paper—even the very lights we use; yet no addition has been made to the rate of subscription—and this, too, while the amount of reading matter furnished has been more than doubled. A largely increased list and business has alone enabled us to do this; and, with all due modesty, be it said, we really think that a still farther increase is due to our exertions, and would materially assist us in our onward course—circulate the documents, and send in the names and the money!

The Devil.

Old Major Monsoon (vide Charles O'Malley) used to say that he could not understand why temptations were thrown in people's way unless to afford them the pleasure of yielding to them. We hardly think the Major was right. We ought to resist the devil and he will flee from us—that is, an ordinary devil will do so—a prier devil, we have good reason to know will not. He is worse than the daughters of the household; and we are tempted—yea verily—severely tempted at this very moment to become profligate and ripsnort—but we will deny ourselves that luxury—we will abstain and swallow our righteous indignation;—nevertheless we do say that if the very aged and venerable Nicholas were to present himself in propria persona, and furnish us with a quantum sufficit of fair and readable matter for to-morrow's Journal, we should be tempted to print it as coming from "an esteemed correspondent"—a devilish clever fellow, so to speak, and no questions asked; and furthermore, the probability is that we would yield to the temptation. But the lazy old scoundrel will do no such thing. Besides, he does not belong to our side of the house, and the saying is that the devil only helps his own; so that we have no hope from that quarter. If old cloven-foot would only furnish us with his autobiography, we would publish it as "sure as preaching."

A spiritual minded man, rejoicing in the name of Jimmy McCabe, used to make our juvenile fair stand on end "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," by his thrilling narrative of sundry social interviews he did have with Ba-hell-si-bub, as he called him. If the aforesaid James McCabe, Esq., were to be believed, the Devil was no gentleman, and would not settle his debts of honor, having evaded the payment of several quills of whiskey staked upon the issue of certain trials of skill in dancing upon a tombstone, in the which he was worsted, from not being able to "come" and the step known as "cut the buckle," on account of his cloven foot. On Mr. McCabe's claiming the bet, His Majesty let him have it over the eye and vanished in "blue blazes." Certainly the man had an awful eye the next morning, and the mark where he was thrown off the tombstone was plainly visible in the Church yard; and the Sexton's buck-goat could not be found for some time, although he was at length discovered in an obscure corner of the yard; and, somehow, they of little faith would insist upon it that Capricornus had personated the Devil "for the occasion." For our own part, we lean to the diabolical theory. If the Devil is to be explained away in that fashion every fact he appears, we might as well have Devil.

It is evident that the foregoing remarks have nothing to do with the "prominent topics of the day;"—make no reference to the war in Europe, the Black Warrior, the Nebraska Bill nor the Charleston Convention. It is even so. We confess ourselves so tired of these things that we turn to the Devil himself for variety.

The Charleston Convention.

"Everybody for himself and the Lord for us all" used to be a maxim with somebody or other, we forget his name, but that makes very little difference, for the motto has been practically adopted by all the world and the rest of mankind. Of this the Charleston Commercial Convention is a case in point and will serve as an illustration.

We have noticed in the papers of that city elaborate and well written articles upon the subject of the Convention and its objects, the pith of which amounts to this:—The South ought to concentrate her resources at some point so as to build up a city through which to do her own trading in the way of foreign importing and exporting—that city ought to be on the Atlantic coast, and finally that city ought to be Charleston, to which all the little dogs ought to be tributary, so that Charleston may rival New York. This of course is the Charleston view of Southern commerce. On the other hand, Baltimore will urge similar claims; and it is reasonable to suppose that Mobile and New Orleans will fall to perceive the force of the arguments which exclude any port on the Gulf from aspiring to the position of a great Southern Emporium. It is quite possible, also, that other towns might object to a merger of their growing importance, for the purpose of building up one or two at the expense of all. Thus it will be every man—that is, every interest—for itself, and thus the energies of all will be exerted to their fullest tension.

In trade, as in physics, the centre of gravity will be the centre of motion, and nothing of an arbitrary or conventional character can change or counteract the operation of this great natural law. People will not sacrifice their own interests to those of others on mere abstraction. If the city which aspires to concentrate trade and make herself the grand depot for all the rest, can work out that end for herself—if, in the battle of trade, she can conquer the position to which she aspires, then her success is certain; but, to dream that such position ever was, or ever will be attained through the courtesy or voluntary surrender of others, is sheer nonsense.

These are among some of the reasons which lead us to expect little or no practical advantage from these Conventions. In or out of them it will be every interest for itself, as indeed it should be, and that interest and that only which displays the most enlightened selfishness, if we may use the expression, is likely to bear off the palm or confer a lasting benefit upon the country or the section in which it is located.

Our correspondent "Harnett" suggests that a charter be obtained from the Legislature for a road to the West. For this, we rather think that no necessity exists, inasmuch as the charter of the Wilmington & Raleigh and the Wilmington & Manchester railroads gives either of these roads authority to build branches, under which the proposed road could be built. We make this suggestion without taking any present part in the discussion of the project.

STABBING.—We learn that on Saturday afternoon, Peter Tilley stabbed John Costin in the side, the weapon entering the cavity of the abdomen. The wound is dangerous and may prove mortal. The affair occurred about the Railroad.

The Authorship of the Hulsemann Letter.

Considerable excitement among the friends of the deceased "Great Expounder," Mr. Webster, seems to have been created by the claim recently set up by Hon. Edward Everett, to the authorship of the famous Hulsemann Letter.

It would seem that Mr. Everett, during a recent visit to Boston, addressed a letter to Mr. Fletcher Webster, in which he stated that he (Everett) was the author of the Hulsemann letter, and that the original letter in his handwriting would be found among his (Webster's) father's papers, who, in consequence of laboring under one of his periodical colds, had requested him (Everett) to prepare the answer to Hulsemann. As he was anxious to retain the evidence of being its author, he requested Mr. Webster to send it to him. This Mr. Webster did.

The Boston correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin says that the "claim of Mr. Everett has created a terrible commotion among the other executors of Mr. Webster, and the very small circle among whom it has transpired. The feeling generally among them is, that Everett, after having so long consented to the literary fraud which, for political purposes, had been practised upon the public, he has no business to come forward now and disturb the matter. As the editor and eulogist of the Great Expounder, he had glorified him as the author of that letter, and no longer was in a position to reclaim any of the honor of it, even if it belonged to him."

"On the other hand, Mr. Everett's friends think that the glory of the letter can no longer do him any good, and may do Mr. Everett a great deal, and that because he lent a man his coat in cold weather, there was no reason why he should not have it back again when the weather becomes warm. I think it will lead to a row among the old Webster men, all of whom, at present, at least, who know it, are very much disgusted."

Mr. Everett has also, it seems had large sheets printed, showing on one side the letter as originally prepared by him, and on the other the same document as amended by Mr. Webster.

This letter was written in 1850, when Mr. Webster was Secretary of State, and appears to have been penned by Mr. Everett, at his request; he, himself, being sick. It is fair to presume that the tone, arguments and leading points were suggested and approved by the Secretary, the mere language and embellishments having been supplied by Mr. Everett. It is certainly strange, that, so long after the publication of the letter—so long, too, after Mr. Webster's death—Mr. Everett should come forward with a claim to the credit of a composition for which he bore no responsibility—in the getting up of which he was, in all essential particulars, simply the amanuensis of the real and responsible author;—a composition, too, which Mr. Everett himself has eulogized since Mr. Webster's death, as the production of that gentleman—indeed, it was. Could Mr. Everett, then, have thought of eulogizing his own composition? To suppose so would be to suppose him guilty of a petty vanity almost inconceivable. And yet he now makes the claim to it, because, if the truth must be told, he aspires to the Presidency, and hopes, by appropriating to himself the *edat* of that State paper, to better his chances.

Elegance and scholastic polish are the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Everett's mind, not boldness or originality. That he may have given a smoother turn to the language in which Mr. Webster's bold and massive thoughts were clothed is quite probable; that he had the originality to have conceived those thoughts or the moral courage to have avowed them, we regard as totally disproved by his course in the senate and elsewhere. Had the positions therein assumed been less favorably received—had they, in fact, been condemned by the country and the world, who believes that Mr. Everett would have been found stepping forward to assume the odium, with the same alacrity which he now displays in claiming the laurels which public opinion has awarded to a deceased friend.

We hardly think that Mr. Everett will gain much by this movement. He will never be either a President or a Daniel Webster. As a polished scholar and a distinguished ornament of the literary circles of Cambridge he ought to be content. That is his field. Extract from Daniel Webster's speech at the Kosuth banquet, Jan. 7, 1852, in Washington city. "I have no question as to the fact that I have nothing now to say upon the subject of Hungary. Gentlemen, in the autumn of year before last, out of health, and retired to my paternal home among the mountains of New Hampshire, I was, by reason of my physical condition, confined to my house; but I was among the mountains, whose native air I was bound to inspire. Nothing suited my senses, nothing suited my mind or my sentiments, but freedom, full and entire, (applause) and there, gentlemen, near the grave of my ancestors I wrote a letter, which most of you have seen, addressed to the Austrian charge d'affaires. I can say nothing of the ability displayed in that letter, but as to its principles, while the sun and moon endure I stand by them."

It would seem as though the publication of the secret correspondence between the Russian and British governments in regard to Turkey, and the proposals of the Czar to anticipate the expected dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, by a secret understanding, from which France was to be excluded, together with the distrustful and more than half contemptuous language in which reference is made to France by the Emperor of Russia, can hardly fail to add increased bitterness to the contest about to commence in Europe. From the first, the Emperor of Russia has failed in a full recognition of the claims of Napoleon III; and, however much the latter may have dissembled his irritation on this account, there can be no doubt that it was deep and lasting, nor that he has been willing to avail himself of any combination of circumstances to avenge the slight passed upon himself, and to curb, if not totally overthrow, the pretensions of Russia. This last and crowning indignity being offered to the French nation, as well as to its chosen ruler, will place the feeling of national honor in union with the personal tendencies of the Emperor, and while strengthening him at home, place the whole energies of the Empire at his disposal for foreign war; for, much as it may be disguised or disputed, Napoleon really enjoys the fullest confidence of the people over whom he rules. The next steamer, beyond doubt, will bring the official declaration of war—and of a war which will exceed, in its consequences and extent, any anticipations which have yet been formed. This secret correspondence shows that, in speaking of the arrangement which he desired to make with England in regard to the final disposition of Turkey, the Emperor of Russia expressly stated that, in the whole matter, Russia and Austria understood each other—that their course was the same and their interests identical. This statement he reiterated. With this fact before us, we can have little question of the side which Austria will ultimately take—she will go with Russia; war will resound through the plains of Italy and Hungary, and Central and Southern Europe be convulsed to its centre. Who can then foretell results, or determine the fate of the disjunct members of the Austrian monarchy, or tell which, she or Turkey, will advance most rapidly to the brink of destruction and dismemberment? It may be published for the newspaper men, but it will be serious work for the nations—our own, perhaps, included, before the end comes.

The Rhode Island State elections have gone for the Whig; Governor, by about 5000 majority. The Whig majority in the Senate is reported to be 13, and in the House 38.

Consols.—That is, the certificates of the consolidated debt of Great Britain—are ten per cent. below what they were this time last year. The latest advances reporting them at 88. At one time, for a few days, last year, they touched as high a point as 100, or par. This stock, the heaviest and most fluctuating in Europe, or in the world, is watched with peculiar attention, as a sort of barometer of the money market, its fall indicating an approaching storm; but besides indicating, it has also a power of producing or continuing the storm, by the panic which it creates among capitalists and the trading community. The demand for gold, to meet the exigencies of a foreign war, has also had the effect of reducing the specie in the Bank of England to the extent of half a million of pounds, and as the drain appears likely to continue, the Bank is expected to put up its rates of discount for its own protection. This measure will necessarily increase the stringency in the money market.

Linked together, as our commercial and monied affairs are with those of Europe, and especially of Great Britain, it is next to impossible that we should wholly escape the effects of any serious disturbance there, and it is certainly the part of prudence to be prepared to meet such effects so as not to be seriously injured by them, in the same manner as a prudent mariner would trim his ship to weather an approaching storm.

The fall in the price of consols, together with other stocks, and the general monied stringency which seems to be impending, are, of course, directly attributable to the outbreak of hostilities, which can no longer be avoided, nor their cost or duration calculated, producing derangement of trade, and diverting capital and labor from their legitimate channels. So far as the United States are concerned, the injurious effects of this crisis can only be temporary and transient in their character, while its ultimate results will ensure to her permanent advantage, so long, at least, as she can maintain the position of a neutral. But we cannot hide from ourselves the growing conviction that speculations made for a speedy rise, or even for a present maintenance of the high prices which now rule, must eventually in disappointment, if not serious loss. It is true, we may be mistaken, but if we are, all the indications are deceptive. The great increase in the real and tangible wealth of the country, and the immense development of its resources, render a crash, approaching in any degree to that of 1837, an absolute impossibility. Real business has little or nothing to fear, but speculative speculation is bound to receive a check, at least, for the present.

We notice that a great many of our brethren of the North Carolina press are off for Charleston, to be present at the grand Commercial Convention. We trust they may have a pleasant time of it, and only regret that we cannot conveniently be along with them. It is true we can perceive no earthly advantage which we, of Wilmington, or of the State at large, could hope to derive from its action or resolves, but the reverse; still, it can do no harm to be represented there. That will commit nobody, and may prevent silence being taken for consent to schemes which would be injurious and unfair to us.

Nevertheless, it will be a pleasant occasion; when they undertake to do things of this kind in Charleston, they do them as they ought to be done. Whatever their other failings may be, smallness or stinginess to public goods is not to be included in the list of their short-comings. And people will be there from all parts of the South and South-west, and perhaps some real good may result from the private interchange of feelings and opinions—from the set speeches in Convention, of course nobody expects anything practical.

And the boats of the Wilmington & Raleigh Railroad are to be offered at public sale. It appears to be a very favorable occasion. We hope that a fair price may be obtained for them. The boats are in fine order, and the state of his "fleet" reflects credit upon Col. Miller, the "Commodore" thereof.

In Connecticut and Rhode Island the Democrats have been defeated, chiefly, if not wholly, by a coalition of the Whig and Abolition parties, and the outcry raised against the South and the Nebraska Bill. Of this there can be no doubt,—neither is there any use in concealing the fact that we regret the occurrence of such a state of things. It is too evidently a triumph of sectionalism—of abolition feeling—of animosity to the South, to be otherwise than a matter of regret to any one not blinded by partisan opposition to the present Administration.—But, strange as it may seem, we find Southern papers and politicians exulting over it as a defeat of General Pierce, whom they courteously and wittily term "the Brigadier."

Suppose, as they say, that the Administration is chagrined at the result in these States; is it not natural and right that it should be? If General Pierce and his cabinet sympathized with free-soilism would they not rather rejoice at its triumph than otherwise. But they do not. It is only blinded whig partisans at the South who rejoice over such triumphs. The great body of southern whigs cannot approve of such feelings.

But so far as the permanent interests of the Democratic party are concerned these affairs amount to nothing. That one party came mightily near outNUMBERING all the *isms* opposed to it. They are transient and will pass away; it is permanent and will vindicate itself and the Democratic Administration.

One of the most "Jelly" papers in the United world is the Raleigh Register. Come what may, it always "continues to receive the most cheering intelligence from the West;" and even in adversity, this consolation does not desert it. It keeps on receiving it until after the election. It did when Mr. Manly was a candidate; it did when Mr. Kerr was a candidate; and now, when Mr. Dockery is a candidate, there is no end (until August) to the "cheering intelligence." Strange enough, the "cheering intelligence" in the last Register—that of the 8th—is only copied from the Asheville Spectator. The Editor and his correspondents were busy—nothing could be done in the original way; but, as "cheering intelligence" must be had, the Spectator was put under contribution.

There appears to be a strong probability that the steamer City of Glasgow, of the Liverpool and Philadelphia line, must be added to the melancholy list of losses at sea, which have marked the last few months. She has now been out thirty-nine days, and nothing heard of or from her. She had over three hundred passengers on board exclusive of a very large crew. Very serious apprehensions are felt for her safety.

An election is to be held in Craven County on the 4th of next month, to decide whether or not that County shall subscribe \$150,000 to the stock of the Atlantic Railroad, that is, of a Railroad continuing the North Carolina Railroad to the seaboard at some point on Beaufort Harbor. The question is submitted to the people in pursuance of an order of the last County Court of Craven County.

The question of a subscription of fifty thousand dollars to the same Road is to be submitted to the voters of Lenoir County. These County subscriptions are to be made by virtue of authority in the Bill Chartering the Road.

A striking difference may be remarked in the tone of the press in this country with respect to European affairs, from what it was when the difficulties which threaten to result in a general war first began to disclose themselves. Then, Russia could hardly be supposed to have a partizan or well-wisher; while if any reproaches were levelled at the western powers they were based upon the dilatoriness of their movements in repelling the aggressions of Russia upon the rights of Turkey. Western civilization was called upon to hurl the Cossack invasion back to the gloomy recesses of the North, and revenge the fate of Poland and Hungary. Now, when the western powers seem about to enter upon the contest in good earnest, the tone of remark seems to be completely changed, and hopes are not wanting for the success of the Czar in the coming struggle.

This change is attributable in part to the reaction of the previous excitement in favor of the western allies—to a cooler and clearer view of the motives which impel them to draw the sword for Turkey, as well as a better appreciation of our own interests and position in the approaching struggle, or, indeed in any struggle with which Europe might be threatened.—Super-added to all these rational grounds for a change of opinion, it must be confessed that there exists with a certain class of declaimers, whether on the stump or upon paper, a very decided Anglo-phobia—a hatred of England, whether real or genuine, it is almost impossible to say, but sufficient, at any rate, to counterbalance the influence of which we complain at the hands of their speakers & writers. With these people, otherwise intelligent and just enough, the wildest diatribes of the wildest Frenchman against "Perfidious Albion" appear to pass for Gospel truth. The speedy fall of England—her defeat or conquest in any war—even her sack and overthrow and the brutal seizure of her possessions, are the objects of their devout wishes. Now, this impulsive dislike, although natural enough is hardly reasonable in the length to which it is carried. It has had its rise in the bitter contests of the revolution and the war of 1812 and is maintained at the present day by the jealous feeling of commercial rivalry, and at the South also by the impotent meddling of a large class in England with the institution of slavery.

The identity of language which gives us a ready access to the literature of England, also places before us much that is irritating and insulting to a sensitive people; while we remain comparatively ignorant of the fact that representations much more offensive and derogatory to us, are circulated by the agents of continental despots, to frighten their people from leaving them, to seek homes in the great Republic.—The great barriers of language and comparative non-intercourse keep these things out of our view. If England is a great commercial rival, she is also our greatest and best customer, as we are her's; and it is her government and not her people, who are the real enemies of the South. The real enemy of the South is the institution of the prohibitory system of Russia or Austria, or the comparative prohibition of France, for the comparative free trade of England. Coming most in contact with Great Britain, we have most grounds of difference with her; while, at the same time, it cannot be denied that we have also most points of agreement and similarity.

The truth seems to be, that all these nations pursue their own interests & aggrandizement, in which respect they are surging like ourselves. In taking up arms for Turkey, England and France simply seek to guard against contingent damage to themselves, arising from the growth of a power by which they fear to be governed and injured. Do they really feel themselves concerned in the matter—had they the ends of their own to serve, Turkey might be ten times more in the right, and Russia ten times more in the wrong before they would move an inch in the affair, so that any feeling upon that head would be thrown away and any sympathy very much wasted. The real parties now are, England and France one side, and Russia and Austria on the other. 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